

FREEDOM

FEBRUARY 17 1962 Vol 23 No 6

'Liberty, not the daughter but the
mother of order.'

—PROUDHON.

**In this Issue:
Looking Back
and Planning
Ahead**

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY - 4d.

We Salute THE WORKERS & STUDENTS OF Paris

THE anti-O.A.S. demonstration in Paris last Thursday week organised by the Communist and Catholic led Trades Unions and by Teachers' groups, but boycotted by the Socialists, took place in spite of the long-standing government ban on all demonstrations and the additional warning by the authorities that such a demonstration would be illegal and would be dealt with accordingly. In spite of the warning, and in spite of elaborate police preparations, thousands of people assembled in groups in the streets and boulevards in the vicinity of the Place de la Bastille at the appointed hour. Two main columns formed in the Blvd. Beaumarchais and Blvd. Voltaire—official estimates put the numbers at 10,000, the communist daily *l'Humanité* put the figure at 60,000—and as their advance was opposed by the police, groups detached themselves from the main columns to reform in the numerous streets leading off the main boulevards. For more than three hours first one column, then another and another

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There will be no newspapers tomorrow morning by union decision. Only recorded music will be put out by the State radio. Long-distance trains will be halted for four hours by decision of the railwaymen's union. Schools will

be closed by decision of the teachers' union; the students' union has called a strike for the day and the CGT union (Communist-led), with the support of important sections of the CFTC (Catholic-led) have called for strike action in most French industries.

We salute the Paris demonstrators, the factory workers, the teachers, the students, the housewives, and all who took part in these demonstrations of human solidarity and human dignity!

We Salute

Six Representing

'IT'S A GOOD JOB HE DIDN'T
NEED A TRANSFUSION. I HAVEN'T SEEN
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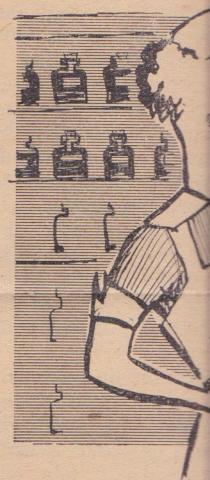
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AS we write, the Old Bailey trial of six leading members of the Committee of 100 is only in its second day and the Solicitor General is still outlining the prosecution's case.

The six are Ian Dixon (21), Terence Chandler (21), Trevor Hatton (30), Michael Randle (27), Helen Allegranza (33) and Patrick Pottle (23) and they are accused on two charges of conspiring to incite people to commit a breach of the Official Secrets Act—namely to enter Wethersfield R.A.F. Station, Essex.

Opening the case, the Attorney-General said: "This is not a political prosecution. The accused are not

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One of the examples of police brutality which has most shocked opinion, took place when in fact the demonstration was about to disband. The vice-president of the Paris section of the Catholic Unions recounts that no sooner had a statement been read out to the demon-

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He told the jury: "You are not concerned in any way with their views or beliefs. You are concerned with what they did and you will have to consider whether or not they did what they are charged with doing. If they did that you would not be entitled to acquit them because of their convictions. Neither do I ask you to convict them on account of their beliefs."

It was an offence to enter a "prohibited place" for a purpose prejudicial to the safety or interest of the state. Wethersfield station was a "prohibited place," within the meaning of the act.

On December 6, 1961, premises occupied by the Committee of 100 were searched on a warrant and a large number of documents were found. Bundles of documents were handed to the jury.

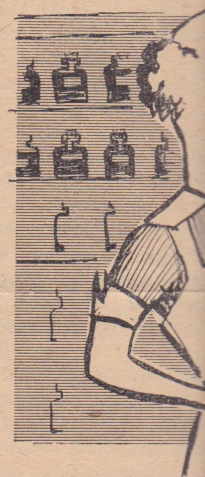
Since the trial may not be concluded by the time this issue of *FREEDOM* appears, we cannot comment on the prosecution's opening statement without leaving ourselves open to charges of Contempt. A full report, however will appear in our next issue.

Sanitary and Dignity

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Ware Labour Party is to discuss the council's decision—presumably some members do not approve of such measures—but there are powerful voices in the party who support the council's action. Mr. A. Goldstone who is treasurer of Ware Labour Party as well as a member both of the urban, and Hertfordshire County, councils said last week

My view is that we should support the council. We are trying to improve the families, not degrade them, and we cannot leave them living next to clean tenants in brand new council houses.

We find it difficult to follow Councillor Goldstone's argument. The council action, of moving "problem families" out of "brand new council houses" into 100-year-old cottages, has been taken to "shame" these tenants. Furthermore, for their sins, they will not be favoured with the lower rents but will be made to pay double the normal rents for these cottages. And finally, how "dirty tenants" will be "improved" by transferring them to old cottages which have neither baths nor hot water systems is more

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The following new Sunday Times make

FREEDOM NEXT WEEK

Strictly speaking next Saturday, February 24, should be ANARCHY's turn to appear, but for technical reasons it is more convenient to bring it out the following week.

Next week then, will be another *FREEDOM* week and ANARCHY will appear the following week, March 3rd.

ANARCHY 12 ASKS Who are the Anarchists?

ANARCHY is Published by Freedom Press at 1/6 on the last Saturday of every month.

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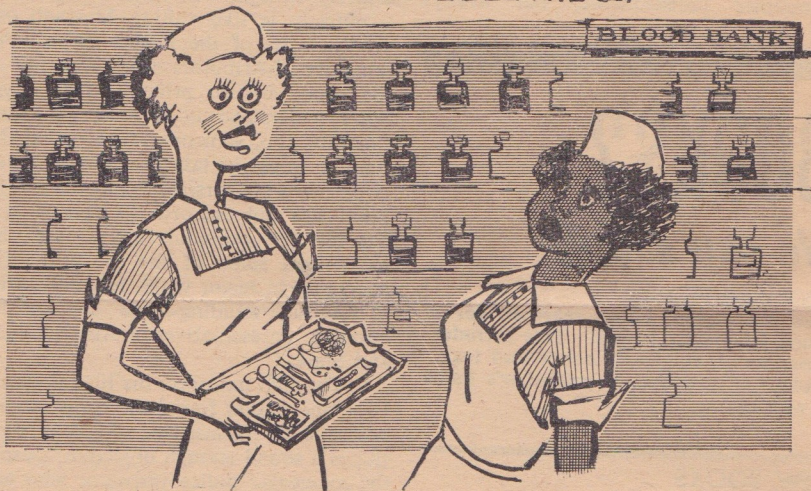
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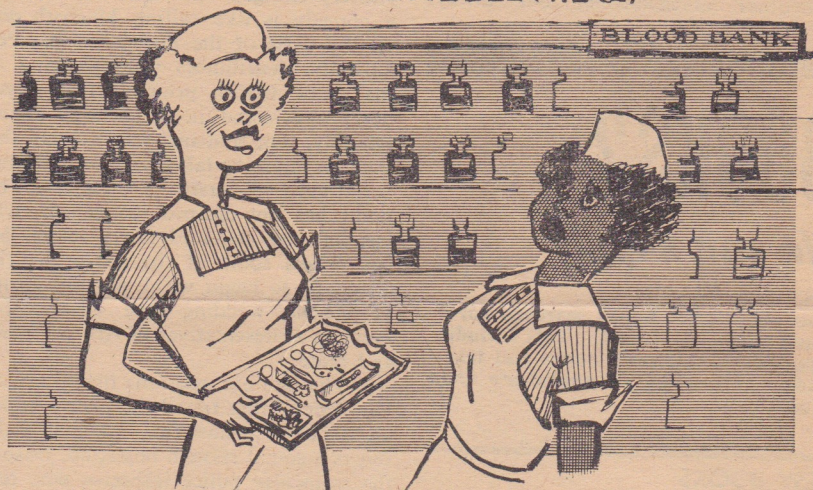
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than our limited intelligence can fathom!

We agree that it is not pleasant to have neighbours with "dirty" habits, and this is a problem which cannot simply be dismissed or glossed over. On the other hand one would have thought that there was a greater chance of rehabilitating the real "problem families" by giving them "normal" neighbours than by surrounding them with

other "problem families" and in living conditions which must inevitably add physical problems to the existing ones with which they cannot cope as it is.

★

MORE than ten years ago we recall being shown a new housing estate in the suburbs of Amsterdam which was entirely occupied by "problem families". The

Continued on page 3

THE GERMAN MINE DISASTER

THE terrible mine disaster in Western Germany, in which more than 200 miners lost their lives, is a tragic reminder that in spite of all the safety devices that can be introduced to prevent accidents, a miners' life is still the most unhealthy and dangerous occupation in which men engage, and one which a rational society would take every step within its power to abolish. The advent of oil has surely destroyed the argument for continuing to employ millions of human beings in this hazardous and "unnatural" industry. It is only financial interests and the "economies" of individual nations which keeps this industry as active as ever in spite of large surpluses of oil as well as untapped sources of more oil.

The following news item from the *Sunday Times* makes sinister read-

ing if we at the same time keep in the back of our minds last week's mine disaster:

Sheikh Shakhboub, of Abu Dhabi, one of the pocket states along the Arabian Gulf, is about to become one of the world's richest men. But the sharing of wealth is apparently not one of his main principles, and the 20,000 lean half-starved tribesmen in this slice of waterless desert, which he has ruled for thirty years, are not likely to benefit much yet awhile.

Two oil companies have discovered fields off-shore and on land, and, although with their natural caution they won't even estimate Abu Dhabi's future revenues, it is no secret that they will be at least equal to neighbouring Qatar's £20 million a year, and probably much more.

When will the workers of the world unite to demand that the sources of natural wealth are for everybody to enjoy?

MY flippant colleague Jack Spratt once suggested a film of the life of Emma Goldman called "Sex, Sewing Machines and the Stage" with a West-End star. So closely does real life follow upon satire that it was no surprise to find that Alla Nazimova once contemplated a stage play based upon the life of Emma Goldman with Nazimova as the star. This and several other sidelights upon Emma Goldman's life are in Richard Drinnon's "A Rebel in Paradise" (Chicago University Press, 48s.).

The title is peculiar (in fact it sounds like the title of the movie) but there is no doubt that this is the fault of the publisher. The book is presumably an extension of a doctoral dissertation in American studies at the University of Minnesota in 1957 called "Emma Goldman: a Study in American Radicalism".

Richard Drinnon, after service in the Naval Air Corps, went to Willamette University, the University of Minnesota and the University of Amsterdam. He has been an instructor in social sciences and an assistant professor of History at the University of California. He is, at the moment, a Bruern Fellow in American Civilization at the University of Leeds. He began his research on Emma Goldman's life sceptically, for he could not take Emma Goldman seriously and he regarded her anarchism as "a bizarre form of political lunacy". Months of research passed before he learned that "my scepticism was pseudo-sophistication and my condescension was only conventional ignorance".

Drinnon summarizes Emma Goldman's career in these words "a remarkable woman of many parts. She was an anarchist lecturer and publicist, an agitator for free speech, and a populariser of the arts, a leading feminist and a pioneer advocate of birth control, a sharp critic of Soviet Communism, and an untiring supporter of the Catalan revolutionists during the Spanish Civil War. She was, above all, an often temperamental, sometimes unreasonable, but always

Paradise Lost - or Regained

courageous, compassionate, intelligent human being."

"Living my Life" (Duckworth 1932) and "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist" have been out-of-print for many years and this biography fills the gap, albeit somewhat expensively. But no more expensive than second-hand copies of the two out-of-print books would be! Mr. Drinnon's book carries the story beyond 1932, mentioning Berkman's suicide in 1936, to Emma Goldman's death in 1940 and the Immigration and Naturalization Service's permission for her re-entry to the United States—only because she was dead!

The chapters on her exile in Saint-

Tropez have been stickily exploited by Ethel Mannin in "Red Rose (which is almost a movie-script in itself), Mr. Drinnon reproduces many letters between Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman which give a truer picture of the situation.

It is too easily forgotten that the anarchists have been of greater political and social significance than even many of their 'friends' would admit.

Mr. Drinnon gives details of how Margaret Sanger suppressed the anarchist contribution to birth-control propaganda in the early years—this suppression was in the interest of respectability. He gives accounts of the defection of old friends to the support of the Russian (Bolshevik) Revolution and of their rebukes and calumnies when Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman published their criticisms of the regime—on grounds of expediency!

Only last week F. A. Ridley referred to the fact that if Emma Goldman "had not left Russia before the rise of Stalin" she would have "perished violently". Mr. Ridley needs reminding that Emma Goldman, like many other anarchists, could have "perished violently" under Lenin, or even Trotsky (remember Kronstadt). Now it is safe to refer to earlier terrorism and suppressions as 'Stalinism' the date-line of the alibi is apt to wander a little.

Emma Goldman's interest in the drama, is a magnificent antidote to the dehydrated political harrieds that are held up as 'epigones' (whatever they may be). Her humanity is reflected in her full and complex love-life, which was cited by many as a reproach, since a zeal for political reform too often goes with Puritanism. One feels that when their revolution comes there will be no more cakes and ale. Certainly, Emma Goldman "lived it up" but it was, after all, *her* life she was living.

The anarchist movement is, by its nature, free of the "leader concept". The cult of the personality has never grown very strong. In its place the anarchist strives to elevate each man and woman to a personality, an individual. Placed upon a pedestal, one only sees the feet of clay which are the human condition. It is nevertheless interesting to observe how full and significant life may become, despite the handicaps of race, sex, calumny and exile.

Emma Goldman, now part of the youngest daughter of a business-man, and they were reared in St. Petersburg with radical touch by Chernyshevsky. Different grew, many were Emma seized the States in 1885. threatening suicide order to obtain to go.

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CINEMA

Bunuel on the Criminal Life

THE current re-issue of "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (Paris Pullman) is being advertised as "Luis Bunuel's comédie noire," but anyone who goes to see it expecting a good laugh will be disappointed. True, the film contains certain sardonic touches and its story, that of a rich young Mexican with a sex-obsession that drives him to try to kill four beautiful women, each time unsuccessfully, has distant affinities with the Chaplin-Martha Raye episode in "Monsieur Verdoux." Bunuel, however, treats the story, which includes several Grand Guignolesque incidents, entirely straight. To call "Archibaldo" a comedy is like calling Macbeth one, on the basis of the Porter Scene. Perhaps the distributors were working on the sound British principle that if you don't understand it, it must be funny. Possibly, too, someone was worried that the film might be taken seriously: Bunuel is the most subversive of directors. This point has not escaped the censor, who has left the celluloid fairly intact, but has erased some of the sub-titling (inadequate, to begin with), notably during a fatuous wedding-scene conversation between representatives of Army, Church and State.

The film has upset the liberal critics: Penelope Gilliat found the happy ending aesthetically distasteful. At first sight, this is a sound enough objection. Despite the avuncular police inspector who tells Archibaldo he is not a criminal, he has in fact been responsible for a nun falling to her death down a lift-shaft as she fled in terror from him. Then, too, the girl that Archibaldo walks off with at the fade-out is unaware that he once planned to incinerate her, à la Joan of Arc.

Yet, since Archibaldo has been cleared of his obsession, why shouldn't he be happy? The very fact that he gets the girl in the end testifies to the soundness of his cure. But moral convention, and the dramatic convention that is linked to

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Around the Galleries

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chosen to hang logical order and span six centuries century "Saint" slowly grinds to water-colour by mena Sounding Review state Co

able woman in many parts. She was an anarchist lecturer and publicist, an agitator for free speech, and a populariser of the arts, a leading feminist and a pioneer advocate of birth control, a sharp critic of Soviet Communism, and an untiring supporter of the Catalanian revolutionists during the Spanish Civil War. She was, above all, an often temperamental, sometimes unreasonable, but always

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film contains certain sardonic touches and its story, that of a rich young Mexican with a sex-obsession that drives him to try to kill four beautiful women, each time unsuccessfully, has distant affinities with the Chaplin-Martha Raye episode in "Monsieur Verdoux." Bunuel, however, treats the story, which includes several Grand Guignolesque incidents, entirely straight. To call "Archibaldo" a comedy is like calling Macbeth one, on the basis of the Porter Scene. Perhaps the distributors were working on the sound British principle that if you don't understand it, it must be funny. Possibly, too, someone was worried that the film might be taken seriously: Bunuel is the most subversive of directors. This point has not escaped the censor, who has left the celluloid fairly intact, but has erased some of the sub-titling (inadequate, to begin with), notably during a fatuous wedding-scene conversation between representatives of Army, Church and State.

The film has upset the liberal critics: Penelope Gilliat found the happy ending aesthetically distasteful. At first sight, this is a sound enough objection. Despite the avuncular police inspector who tells Archibaldo he is not a criminal, he has in fact been responsible for a nun falling to her death down a lift-shaft as she fled in terror from him. Then, too, the girl that Archibaldo walks off with at the fade-out is unaware that he once planned to incinerate her, à la Joan of Arc.

Yet, since Archibaldo has been cleared of his obsession, why shouldn't he be happy? The very fact that he gets the girl in the end testifies to the soundness of his cure. But moral convention, and the dramatic convention that is linked to it, demands that Archibaldo suffer further; by welcoming the ex-psychopath back to the human race, Bunuel is denying the whole idea of retribution. In this lies part of the film's originality.

It is a highly enigmatic work, loaded with symbolism, and has attracted various interpretations. One theory sees it as a defence of love: each of the three women who die in the film have betrayed it in some way, the nun by renouncing carnality, the courtesan by selling herself, Archibaldo's adulterous fiancée by accepting what for her will be a loveless marriage. I would go further and suggest that Bunuel is not only defending love but attacking bourgeois attitudes towards it; Archibaldo, who had dreamed of finding "salvation" with his well-born fiancée, finally chooses a girl who earns her own living and who has broken off her engagement to an elderly rich man. Besides being the trigger-mechanism of his obsession, the music box that Archibaldo throws away at the film's end is a characteristic symbol of his class.

Of course, one must always be careful about putting forward the meaning one finds in a work of art as expressing the conscious intention of the artist himself. Bunuel made the film in about ten days, and it is possible his only purpose was the pleasure of creation. Certainly the film can be enjoyed for its surface qualities alone; like its hero, it has considerable charm. And unlike those films that are stigmatised as immoral, but are merely corrupt, since they reflect the very values they are claiming to flout, "Archibaldo" is the genuine article.

G.M.

Kronstadt. Now it is safe to return to earlier terrorism and suppressions as 'Stalinism' the date-line of the alibi is apt to wander a little.

Emma Goldman's interest in the drama, is a magnificent antidote to the dehydrated political harridans that are held up as 'epigones' (whatever they may be). Her humanity is reflected in her full and complex love-life, which was cited by many as a reproach, since a zeal for political reform too often goes with Puritanism. One feels that when their revolution comes there will be no more cakes and ale. Certainly, Emma Goldman "lived it up" but it was, after all, her life she was living.

The anarchist movement is, by its nature, free of the "leader concept". The cult of the personality has never grown very strong. In its place the anarchist strives to elevate each man and woman to a personality, an individual. Placed upon a pedestal, one only sees the feet of clay which are the human condition. It is nevertheless interesting to observe how full and significant life may become, despite the handicaps of race, sex, calumny and exile.

Around the Gallerie

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This is not the night of the sleek Rolls and the shining Bentley but for the over-packed and polished family car and it would be easy to mock these people as they wait patiently, amid a smell of lavender and moth-proofing, to pay their respects to the President and the Earl who standing one behind the other, the first with his chain of office awry the other his collar, cheerfully and politely perform their social duty. It would be easy to mock for these people slowly climbing the packed stairway are the remnants of a class as faded and outdated as their suits and dresses yet this is a section of that middle-class minority who, without challenging their social and economic system, still feel that they have a responsibility to their society, and without their small donations many an affluent industrial town could not boast of its Gainsborough its Turner and its low rates. And so the doors of the Academy are thrown open that they may wander from the "Primitives to Picasso" while the regimental band in the central hall gives out with a selection that ranges from Vaughan Williams to Jarnefelt.

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CINEMA

on the al Life

issue of "The Criminal Archibaldo de la Cruz" is being advertised as "cinéma noire," but anyone expecting a good disappointment. True, the film has certain sardonic touches of a rich young Mexican woman who drives him, beautiful women, each of whom has distant affinities with the character of Martha Raye episode "The Girl on the Train." "Bunuel, how- ever, which includes a series of vignettes, which includes a series of vignettes, which includes a series of vignettes. To call "Archibaldo" a "film noir" is calling Macbeth one, or a Porter Scene. Per- haps they were working on the principle that if you make it, it must be funny. No one was worried that it was taken seriously: Bunuel was a series of directors. This was the censor, who was fairly intact, but of the sub-titling (in- stead of with), notably during the scene conversation between the two of Army. Church

pet the liberal critics: around the happy ending. At first sight, it is a happy ending, but it is a happy ending with a heavy objection. Despite the fact that the inspector who tells her that she is not a criminal, he has made her responsible for a nun falling down a lift-shaft as she was helping him. Then, too, the inspector walks off with a heavy heart, knowing that he once again has failed to save her, à la Joan of

baldo has been cleared why shouldn't he be fact that he gets theifies to the soundness moral convention, and tion that is linked to

Tropez have been stickily exploited by Ethel Mannin in "Red Rose (which is almost a movie-script in itself), Mr. Drinnin reproduces many letters between Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman which give a truer picture of the situation.

It is too easily forgotten that the anarchists have been of greater political and social significance than even many of their 'friends' would admit.

Mr. Drinnon gives details of how Margaret Sanger suppressed the anarchist contribution to birth-control propaganda in the early years—this suppression was in the interest of respectability. He gives accounts of the defection of old friends to the support of the Russian (Bolshevik) Revolution and of their rebukes and calumnies when Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman published their criticisms of the regime—on grounds of expediency!

Only last week F. A. Ridley referred to the fact that if Emma Goldman "had not left Russia before the rise of Stalin" she would have "perished violently". Mr. Ridley needs reminding that Emma Goldman, like many other anarchists, could have "perished violently" under Lenin, or even Trotsky (remember Kronstadt). Now it is safe to refer to earlier terrorism and suppressions as 'Stalinism' the date-line of the alibi is apt to wander a little.

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Emma Goldman was born in 1869 in Kovno, now part of Lithuania. She was the youngest daughter of an unsuccessful business-man, and had two step-sisters. They were reared in the Pale of Settlement and eventually the family moved to St. Petersburg where Emma came into touch with radicalism. She was inspired by Chernyshevsky's "What is to be Done?". Differences with her father grew, many were her beatings, until Emma seized the opportunity of emigrating with her step-sister to the United States in 1885. The drastic step of threatening suicide was necessary in order to obtain her father's permission to go.

America beckoned as the 'land of freedom' but Emma found that exploitation was still her lot. Indeed, Garson, a reputedly philanthropic factory owner not only did "exact labour in his factory for nothing, but also insisted on the pleasures the young female wage slaves could give him. He had them or out they went." Mr. Drinnon comments that Emma Goldman was not given to making this kind of comment usually. Emma made an unfortunate marriage and after a year was divorced.

Increasing interest in the radical movement fanned by the Haymarket Bombing, impelled her to New York in 1889. Thus started her journey into anarchism.

Interesting sidelights emerge in the course of Mr. Drinnon's narrative such as a conjecture that Emma Goldman was diabetic, that she attended Freud's lectures in Vienna in 1895, the story about Alla Nazimova who she helped when stranded with a Russian theatrical company, and S. N. Behrman's account that his parents used to threaten him with 'Emma Goldman' when he misbehaved.

Just to prove his membership of the human race Mr. Drinnon (or his printer), makes two errors which even I spotted. Firstly, he quotes Spies at his execution saying "The day will come when our voices will be more powerful than the voices you are throttling today". What he actually said was, (David, "History of the Haymarket Affair" p. 463) "There will come a time when our *silence* will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today". (This may be a confusion in a translation between the German *Stille* and *stimme*).

Secondly, he quotes a *Mother Earth* Ball where they sang "Oh I love my

boss". Surely this should be "Oh I do love my boss" *alias* "Hallelujah, I'm a bum".

However, this is mere carping, and one mourns that not only did one fail to meet Emma Goldman but never saw her at a ball "dressed as a nun trying to execute a waltz called the 'Anarchist's Slide'." There *are* compensations and Mr. Drinnon's book is one of them.

JACK ROBINSON.

Full Tilt for the 13th Century

TEEMS OF TIMES AND HAPPY
RETURNS, by Dominic Behan,
Heinemann, 18s.

LIFE in a Dublin slum tenement. Then removal to the outer darkness of subtopia. Drunkenness, gossip, malice, wakes, Irishisms, politics, poverty, boredom, brutality, Catholicism. This work has been banned in Eire it appears. It does not give a flattering picture of a country that has gained its independence. Independence movements when successful usually lead to an outburst of national vigour. In Ireland, where everything is done backwards, the national outburst preceded independence, which has been followed by rapid decline. Ireland is hurtling full tilt into the thirteenth century, such is the dangerous speed of modern progress. Where will this stop?

The Irish revolt was another of the numerous lost revolutions of the twentieth century. "The name plates on the streets were being changed into Irish, with the English of them underneath—otherwise how would folk know where they were going? Still that didn't matter, it's the principle of the thing that counts. 'Sraid Talbot — Talbot Street', 'Cul-de-Sac — Cul-de-Sac', Lord, isn't the Gaelic language wondrous beautiful? Soon there wouldn't be an English name-plate in the whole city. Thank God, the men of 'sixteen' had not given their lives in vain. Only one place had its old name: the Labour Exchange. But the Republic wouldn't bother about changing that, there'd be no need for the building at all now."

But there was.

A.W.U.

Around the Galleries

ONCE a year, as a token of thanks, the President and the Council of the Royal Academy throw open their doors to the members of the National Art Collections Fund and for two brief hours the main stairway is thronged with men and women waiting their turn to

chosen to hang the paintings in chronological order and the 434 works that span six centuries begin with a twelfth century "Saint" by Simone Martini and slowly grinds to a halt with an abstract water-colour by Paul Jenkins "Phenomena Sounding Zone" and not as *Arts*

they usurp the foreground; with the veins upon the woman's arm picked out in baby blue like an Underground map, with each leaf and hair isolated no matter what the distance, is to realise that the whole has been sacrificed for the particular for here is work that should only have existed in miniature but has been blown up to a size where only the vulgarity of its subject matter remains. Here is Ford Madox Brown's "Work" this glorification of sweatless

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This is not the night of the sleek Rolls and the shining Bentley but for the over-packed and polished family car and it would be easy to mock these people as they wait patiently, amid a smell of lavender and moth-proofing, to pay their respects to the President and the Earl who standing one behind the other, the first with his chain of office awry the other his collar, cheerfully and politely perform their social duty. It would be easy to mock for these people slowly climbing the packed stairway are the remnants of a class as faded and outdated as their suits and dresses yet this is a section of that middle-class minority who, without challenging their social and economic system, still feel that they have a responsibility to their society, and without their small donations many an affluent industrial town could not boast of its Gainsborough its Turner and its low rates. And so the doors of the Academy are thrown open that they may wander from the "Primitives to Picasso" while the regimental band in the central hall gives out with a selection that ranges from Vaughan Williams to Jarnefelt.

The title for the exhibition is a cheap gimmick for there are but three small Picasso's two of which are mere sketches in pen and pencil but the weight of the exhibition is well carried by the large number of Flemish and German Primitives. Those responsible have wisely

chosen to hang the paintings in chronological order and the 434 works that span six centuries begin with a twelfth century "Saint" by Simone Martini and slowly grinds to a halt with an abstract water-colour by Paul Jenkins "Phenomena Sounding Zone" and not as *Arts Review* state Ceri Richards "La Cathédral Engloutie". With an exhibition that contains over four hundred works and covers six centuries the casual eye can be the only guide and personal preference the sole arbiter in assessing this hoard of centuries. There is the "Travelling Companions" by the elusive Augustus Leopold Egg, the sensual "Sleeping Warrior" of the 17th century painted on a leaf of metal no larger than my hand with a pose, and a change of sex, lifted from Titian's "Andrians".

A Francesco Guardi view of Venice rather more human than the accepted Canaletto, Francesco Trevisani's painting of Cardinal Pietro Ottoboni who looks as stupid upon the canvas as he must have been in life. Rembrandt's carcass of an ox with every muscle stretched to breaking point and its guts spewing into the spectator's lap, and Jan Van Goyen's "Estuary" with the small boats torn between sea and sky in the grey, rain-drenched world of the 17th century Dutch marine painters. But, allowing for our contemporaries, it is the Pre-Raphaelites who take the biggest drubbing for in the context of this exhibition their work appears as cheap and as gaudy as costume jewellery. Here is Holman Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd" with every blade of grass in the foreground realised in a crude and single toned green that can be its only claim to pre-Raphaelism for it is the green of the early Flemish primitives whose excuse lay in their technical inability to broaden this colour upon their palette, while with most of the Brotherhood it was sheer bad taste. With every bird and beast so meticulously outlined that

they usurp the foreground; with the veins upon the woman's arm picked out in baby blue like an Underground map, with each leaf and hair isolated no matter what the distance, is to realise that the whole has been sacrificed for the particular for here is work that should only have existed in miniature but has been blown up to a size where only the vulgarity of its subject matter remains. Here is Ford Madox Brown's "Work" this glorification of sweatless labour with everybody including Carlyle, Martineau and the dumb-ox workers tumbling together in the centre of this Hampstead street like the male chorus of an American musical. But when one begins to isolate each figure it is then that the clichés rise to the surface for each lay figure wears the same rose-tinted mask the same smear of bright red for lips and the same boneless bodies with clothes that hang like paper cut-outs.

It is the accumulation of a mass of objects and bodies that deceives the eye. One approaches their work as though it were a huge jig-saw puzzle for in examining each interconnecting piece the eye is made to pass so swiftly across the canvas that one is left with a false impression of reality that is killed in this present exhibition because of so much good and earlier work. Of them all only John Brett is worthy of our attention. We can ignore his central figure in his "Stone Breaker", but the trees and flints to the right of his canvas are truly magnificent and he is capable of making his background fade away into a blue haze that the whole of the Brotherhood almost without exception were incapable of achieving. Ruskin greatly admired this painting yet when one realizes that the gloomy Carlyle described Hunt's "Shepherd" as "the greatest picture that I have seen painted by any modern man" one must accept the iconoclast who is willing to cast a jaundiced eye upon so much of the sleazy rubbish that is now seeping into the Tate Gallery to a fanfare of tarnished trumpets.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

ONCE a year, as a token of thanks, the President and the Council of the Royal Academy throw open their doors to the members of the National Art Collections Fund and for two brief hours the main stairway is thronged with men and women waiting their turn to have their names announced by the red-coated steward and to share the pleasure of shaking hands with Sir Charles Wheeler, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., P.R.A. and the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K.T., G.B.E.

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FREEDOM

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Problem Families in a Problem World

Continued from page 1

Dutch syndicalist comrade who pointed them out to us strongly disapproved of this segregation on the grounds, if we remember rightly, that psychologically it aggravated their "problems"; and that the officials whose job it was to "house-train" them, as it were, could not show the sympathy and understanding which they needed more than anything else.

We appreciated these very human observations, because superficially, externally, these brand new buildings, the paintwork still fresh and the surrounding gardens spick-and-span would be the dream of many a homeless, or "overcrowded", family. To segregate a household because, for a number of reasons, it does not fit in with the habits of the majority is no less humiliating, and the cause of new complexes, than segregation of those whose skin is of a different colour from that of the majority. And there is no doubt that the welfare state is no real substitute for mutual aid. Without for one moment wanting to minimise the valuable and dedicated work of social workers, doctors, nurses, etc., as individuals, the fact is that the State looks upon "problem" people as nuisances and are much more concerned to find a solution to the problems *they create for others* than to the causes of *their* problems. If this is not so then how can one explain that in spite of the dismal failure of Borstal Institutions to be anything but the Nurseries for prisons, and prisons the glasshouses for hardening-off criminals for a life in preventative detention, the government has plans for more Bors-tals and more prisons to be built? How often has one read of an in-human sentence of preventive detention being prefaced by the Judge's comment "you are a menace to society and it is my duty to make sure that you are put away for as long as possible". Obviously there is not the slightest intention of trying to understand the "criminals" problems, and, as everyone knows, segregation from society, and the

can be expected to provide a solution for more than a few of them.

It has become a kind of middle-class joke to say that the problem of so-and-so (who might be a friend or a mass-communicated household name in a criminal case) is what he is, or has done what he has done, because he was "deprived of love". Without knowing very much about the jargon of this psychologist's age, we have observed enough of daily life to realise for ourselves that love, and the absence of love, are perhaps the most powerful factors determining the course our lives will take.

But love is something no Institution such as the Welfare State can provide. At most it might ensure equal services, equal shares, equal justice "in the eyes of the law", equal punishment (though we even doubt that). Love can only come from your neighbour, from your fellow beings. If then we were to behave rationally we should deal with those members of the community whose behaviour is anti-social not by locking them up but by bringing them closer, by giving them a place in society and make them feel an integral part of it. That we do not is not that people lack the capacity to love but that most of us are conditioned to believe that it can only be expressed within the narrow family circle, that outside this circle is the jungle.

Not only is this a mistaken view. It is, in our opinion, a narrow, unrewarding (since family love so often turns sour or becomes mechanical and unfelt) approach to love, which can easily create a feeling of insecurity as a free-love relationship can of security.

The "problem families" of Ware and of every urban council of the country put together would make insignificant demands on our love, that is on our neighbourliness, our time, our generous feelings, compared with family demands which are accepted with almost stoic resignation by one generation for another.

Is it not possible that the family set-up (as we understand it in the

THE best-selling novel in America during 1961 was Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, which was first published by Jack Kahane's Obelisk Press in Paris in 1934, and has been banned in America and Britain ever since. The Grove Press of New York, encouraged by its earlier successes with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, decided to publish the most famous American obscene book as well as the most famous English one. The first impression of *Tropic of Cancer* was exhausted before the official publication date—24 June, 1961—and by the end of the year the hard-back edition had sold over 100,000 copies at \$7.50; the paper-back edition, which the Grove Press issued after threats of pirated ones by envious rivals, sold over 1,500,000 copies at 95 cents. (That makes a total retail turnover of more than £700,000).

The central authorities had learnt a lesson during the *Lady Chatterley* row, when they were outwitted by publishers, booksellers and readers alike. This time the Federal Post Office quickly withdrew its original ban on the book, and the Federal Customs lifted its ban not only on

Tropic of Cancer

Tropic of Cancer by Henry Miller. Capricorn as well. authorities had learnt of the book were various local courts, policemen, all sorts of unofficial mostly in New England and Deep South. By the Grove Press legal actions all over the book has been of Americans, and have been recognised as depraved. Who knows they have found *Cancer* is a good book, a dirty one, perhaps found out that it is dirty.

Looking Back and Planning

THE FREEDOM PRESS *Financial Statement* for 1961 which we publish this week shows that last year our running costs were just slightly less than anticipated, that is £68 per week. But bearing in mind that postal rates went up only in October, and that last year we published only 10 issues of ANARCHY whereas this year it will be 12, these two items alone will account for an increased expenditure of about £250 for the full year. Furthermore, the financial set back suffered at the printing works by the breakdown must be reckoned at about £200. (Incidentally we are still waiting for the replacement for the broken part!).

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THE SECOND PROBLEM will be to secure 7000 copies this year, a by no means simple task if all those who want FREEDOM to survive and de-

a homeless, or overcrowded family. To segregate a household because, for a number of reasons, it does not fit in with the habits of the majority is no less humiliating, and the cause of new complexes, than segregation of those whose skin is of a different colour from that of the majority. And there is no doubt that the welfare state is no real substitute for mutual aid. Without for one moment wanting to minimise the valuable and dedicated work of social workers, doctors, nurses, etc., as individuals, the fact is that the State looks upon "problem" people as nuisances and are much more concerned to find a solution to the problems *they create for others* than to the causes of *their* problems. If this is not so then how can one explain that in spite of the dismal failure of Borstal Institutions to be anything but the Nurseries for prisons, and prisons the glasshouses for hardening-off criminals for a life in preventative detention, the government has plans for more Bors and more prisons to be built? How often has one read of an inhuman sentence of preventive detention being prefaced by the Judge's comment "you are a menace to society and it is my duty to make sure that you are put away for as long as possible". Obviously there is not the slightest intention of trying to understand the "criminals'" problems, and, as everyone knows, segregation from society, and the daily company of other "criminals" are not conducive to their social rehabilitation. The following item appeared in last Sunday's *Observer*.

A prisoner at Maidstone gaol, working in the engineering shop, has been found to be counterfeiting half-crowns which he changed in the canteen store.

In Dartmoor special precautions are being taken to prevent an outbreak of trouble between coloured and white prisoners.

In a search of cells two days ago hidden weapons were found—sharpened kitchen knives, razor blades fixed to pieces of wood for slashing and coshes made in the workshops.

Punishment for the transgressors and segregation for the misfits; this is the way those who cannot "adjust" to the values, the traditions and the taboos which regulate life are dealt with in society today.

Granted that many of the values of today are socially reprehensible, and that in a sense all anarchists, socialists and other freedom-loving people, who feel as well as think, are "misfits" in a world permeated by authoritarian ideas and solutions. But we are misfits not because we cannot cope with the day to day problems of life, or because we are deprived of love, but because we want to live in a better, healthier, happier, freer world. The "problem families" are quite different ones, and so varied, and personal, that no institution, no general policy or laws

provide. At most it might ensure equal services, equal shares, equal justice "in the eyes of the law", equal punishment (though we even doubt that). Love can only come from your neighbour, from your fellow beings. If then we were to behave rationally we should deal with those members of the community whose behaviour is anti-social not by locking them up but by bringing them closer, by giving them a place in society and make them feel an integral part of it. That we do not is not that people lack the capacity to love but that most of us are conditioned to believe that it can only be expressed within the narrow family circle, that outside this circle is the jungle.

Not only is this a mistaken view. It is, in our opinion, a narrow, unrewarding (since family love so often turns sour or becomes mechanical and unfelt) approach to love, which can easily create a feeling of insecurity as a free-love relationship can of security.

The "problem families" of Ware and of every urban council of the country put together would make insignificant demands on our love, that is on our neighbourliness, our time, our generous feelings, compared with family demands which are accepted with almost stoic resignation by one generation for another.

Is it not possible that the family set-up (as we understand it in the West, that is the small family unit of mother, father and their children with possibly an aged parent living with them) is so emotionally- and time-absorbing that people are physically and mentally exhausted to the point of remaining indifferent or even being hostile and unreasonable when confronted with "problem" neighbours or with examples of injustice and suffering?

It is a question we have often asked ourselves. Malatesta, for whose wisdom and revolutionary integrity we have a very deep respect, wrote a piece on the subject of love many years ago, which contained the following paragraph which was quoted with approval by Alex Comfort in his *Barbarism & Sexual Freedom*.*

It will be observed that not only does Malatesta not answer our question, but what is more significant, he does not even pose it! Is the

*Freedom Press 1948. We quote the ghastly translation without improvements. In fairness to Malatesta it should be pointed out that the translation is a poor version of the original Italian, but his meaning is there.

But is it possible to abolish the family? Is it desirable? And above all remember that without forgetting the régime of lies and coercion now built into the structure of the family under present conditions, it will remain the potentially and actually greatest factor in the improvement of the character. It

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* * *

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To Printing FREEDOM ANARCHY

Dispatching & pos

FREEDOM PRESS G OVERHEADS:

Rent, Rates, Ph

tricity, Heati

Charges, S

Postages & S

Wages & Salaries

[American readers:]

THE best-selling novel in America during 1961 was Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, which was first published by Jack Kahane's Obelisk Press in Paris in 1934, and has been banned in America and Britain ever since. The Grove Press of New York, encouraged by its earlier successes with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, decided to publish the most famous American obscene book as well as the most famous English one. The first impression of *Tropic of Cancer* was exhausted before the official publication date—24 June, 1961—and by the end of the year the hard-back edition had sold over 100,000 copies at \$7.50; the paper-back edition, which the Grove Press issued after threats of pirated ones by envious rivals, sold over 1,500,000 copies at 95 cents. (That makes a total retail turnover of more than £700,000).

The central authorities had learnt a lesson during the *Lady Chatterley* row, when they were outwitted by publishers, booksellers and readers alike. This time the Federal Post Office quickly withdrew its original ban on the book, and the Federal Customs lifted its ban not only on

Tropic of Cancer

but on *Tropic of Cancer* as well. But the local authorities had learnt nothing. Sales of the book were obstructed by various local censorship—law courts, policemen, newspapers and all sorts of unofficial committees—mostly in New England and the Deep South. By the end of 1961 the Grove Press had counted 53 legal actions all over the USA. But the book has been read by millions of Americans, and no one seems to have been recognisably corrupted or depraved. Who knows?—perhaps they have found that *Tropic of Cancer* is a good book as well as a dirty one, perhaps they have even found out that it is good *because* it is dirty.

But what about us? Where is our Grove Press? Will Penguin Books, encouraged by their success with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, show a bit more courage and bring out a 3/6d. edition of *Tropic of Cancer* too? Or will Weidenfeld & Nicolson, encouraged by their success with *Lolita*, show a bit more courage and bring out a 21s. edition of *Tropic of Cancer* too? Or will the fact that Henry Miller's book is neither an impure one without any rude words nor a pure one *with* dirty words, but an impure one with dirty words and all, deter even the boldest English publisher—even with all that lolly dangled in front of him? It's a pretty tough proposition, in fact. Does it have literary merit? Would its publication be for the public good? (You know, like *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* and the James Bond books). Or do we have to go on smuggling the damned thing in from France and America for the next 27 years the way we have for the last 27? When are we going to be allowed to grow up? Do we have to blow up first? What sort of people do they think we are?

N.W.

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(New York readers who buy their copies from a Mr. Rutkin who runs a News Stand there are warned that no further supplies will be sent him because he has not paid a penny for a number of years and ignores all our requests for payment. We hope they will draw Mr. Rutkin's attention to this note!)

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THE SECOND PRONG to our attack will be to secure 750 new subscribers this year, a by no means impossible task if all those of our readers, who want FREEDOM and ANARCHY to survive and develop help. We

TO GIVE THOSE READERS who follow FREEDOM PRESS financial fortunes week by week a means of following how things are going we shall, as soon as possible, present our weekly *Statement* in a modified form based on the targets we have outlined above, which are:

Income from Sales and Subscriptions	£2,200
Income from New Subscriptions	£1,000
Contributions to Deficit Fund	£1,100

TOTAL ESTIMATED INCOME FOR 1962	£4,300
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(We cannot include an accurate week by week account of FREEDOM BOOKSHOP activities because to do so would involve us in considerably more administrative work than we can tackle. We would urge readers however to support our Book Service since it is a valuable source of income for the Press, and could considerably expand. However, we should point out that as we haven't a shop dealing with the passing public as when we were in Red Lion Street, we cannot carry stocks of the cheap paper-backs, and it means that orders for single copies are not

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Besides this weekly financial statement, we shall give a monthly statement of progress in the campaign for new subscribers, and pass on our suggestions or those that readers have sent us to further the success of the campaign. A small, sustained effort by many readers is what we need. We hope you will all start thinking now of the ways you can help to make this venture a complete success!

FREEDOM PRESS GROUP.

Financial Statement

For Year Ended Dec. 31st, 1961

	£		£
To Printing FREEDOM and ANARCHY	2422	Income from Sales & Subscriptions	1677
Dispatching & postages	754	DEFICIT FUND Contributions	1092
FREEDOM PRESS GENERAL OVERHEADS:		FREEDOM BOOKSHOP:	
Rent, Rates, Phone, Electricity, Heating, Bank Charges, Stationery, Postages & Sundries	351	Book Sales	1123
Wages & Salaries	0	Book Purchases & Overheads	889
	£3,527	Net Profit on Bookshop	234
		1961 DEFICIT carried forward to 1962	524
			£3,527

[American readers: To convert these figures into dollars multiply by 3]

Don't Let This Deficit Build Up!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AT
FEBRUARY 10th 1962
WEEK 6

Expenses: 6 weeks at £70	£420
Income from Sales & Subs:	
Weeks 1—5	£176
Week 6	£50
	£226

DEFICIT £194

DEFICIT FUND

New York: C.G. £1/15/-; London: Anon. 8/6; Sheffield: Anon. £1/10/-; Edmonton: W.G.* 7/-; Oxford: Anon.* 5/-; Glasgow: H.McD. 10/-; Glasgow: J.H.* 2/6; Sydney: T.McM. 8/-; Edinburgh: Anon. £1/5/-; Leeds: A.C. 8/-; Wolverhampton: J.L.* 2/6; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; Lincoln: A.B. 2/-; W. Croydon: E.D. £1; Blakedown: J.W.H. 1/-; Peterborough: F.W. 2/6; Leeds: G.L. 2/9; Shoreham: M. & D.* 2/6; Southend: P.O.* 5/-; S. Francisco: p. proceeds Social 27 Jan., (per l'Incaricato)* £35; Santa Clara: R.A. (per O.M.) £1/1/-; Belfast: J.O'H. 10/-; N. York: L.B. £5/5/-; London: P. & G.T.* 10/-; London: T.K.* 5/-; Surrey: F.B.* 15/-; Wolverhampton: B.L. £2/4/9; Welling: S. 10/-; London: G. & P.T.* 5/-; London: J.C. £1/2/-.

TOTAL 57 6 0
Previously acknowledged 124 15 5

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Anarchism (Seven Exponents of the Anarchist Philosophy) cloth 21/-

CHARLES MARTIN
Towards a Free Society 2/6

RUDOLF ROCKER
Nationalism and Culture

Was YOUR ground cut away?

DEAR COMRADES,

FREEDOM has traditionally been an organ of communist anarchism. To label the editors 'individualists' as Jack Stevenson does, therefore, is something of a bad joke I wish they were, but they are not and it does not help his case to call them such.

What is worse, however, is his statement that all individualist anarchists can do is to snipe and offer destructive criticism. ("The Editors may not like the label of Individualist that I have pinned on them, but they seem to give no constructive advice; just keep sniping away. . ."). The implication here is that those anarchists who wholeheartedly support the Committee of 100 are on the one true path to salvation, and that anyone who dissents from this view is damned. Furthermore, this heresy is

Pacific Paradise?

GILBERT ISLANDS

NATIVE workers on several islands (Maiana, Tarawa and Butaritari included) began a copra-cutting boycott recently in protest against the low rate being paid—2½d. per lb.—for copra cutting.

The boycott first started on Tarawa and then contact was made with workers on other islands by unsigned letters being sent out addressed simply: "From your Brothers in the South" and "From your Brothers in the North". Plantation owners had refused a pay increase, pleading a slump in prices.

The copra-purchasing monopoly Unilever has told the owners that they must not rely on their European trade even if Britain does not enter the Common Market.

Since the last war copra growers have been helped by the preference of British housewives for a "foaming" detergent, although this is unnecessary in the product.

Unilever Chairman Mr. G. J. Cole said after a visit last July that "he was not happy about the labour position there . . . it needs a completely new approach, a new line of thought." New Markets would have to be found in China and Japan he said.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND

One item on the agenda at the recent Kennedy and Macmillan talks in Bermuda is reported to have been the 40-year-old dispute over ownership of this largest atoll in the Pacific.

Britain annexed Christmas Island originally in 1888 and in 1919 included it in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony by simply extending the boundaries.

A Reuter's Washington report dated December 19th states that the U.S. State Dept. although it did not make a formal protest in 1919 against the British action has never given up its original claim which dates from 1859.

On reason given for the revival of the dispute now, is that the U.S. is anxious to use the 22 square mile atoll for a new series of nuclear tests. The British Government, says the report, is afraid

Letters

made more sinister by calling it 'individualist' thus becoming identical with the 'deviationism' of Marxist-communist categories.

We may well disagree about the value of supporting or not supporting the Committee of 100, but no-one's ends are served by misrepresentation. I am surprised that Jack Stevenson should weaken his argument by these methods.

As for those comrades who feel the ground being cut from under their feet by the editors' exercising their right to disagree, all I can suggest is that they must be in a very sorry position if they are so foolish to let others lay the foundations for their attitude. FREEDOM's editorial writer has said that he speaks for himself. Why cannot they do likewise?

Yours fraternally,

Bristol, Feb. 5.

S. E. PARKER.

For benefit of all

DEAR EDITORS,

That mention of the word "Individualist" does not necessarily incense anarchist communists in the way a bull is popularly supposed to be incensed by a red rag, as implied in your editorial of January 13th, is clearly shewn by Richard Fichter in his letter of February 10th, wherein he so lucidly illustrates that, taking his definition of these terms

Diplomatic Exchanges

WHEN one lived purely for pleasure and sat at the gaming table for hours playing "Happy Families" one drove a hard bargain by exchanging "Mr. Bun" for "Mr. Porter".

It seems now that grown-ups can do it too. Pilot Powers and Student Pryor have been exchanged for Colonel Abel. Why are two Americans regarded as the equivalent of one Russian? Under similar circumstances we'd kick over the table or pull the cloth or change the rules, or something. You notice of course, the poverty of imagination in naming these cards, Pilot Powers, Student Pryor, Colonel Abel, all supposed to be spies. Anyone under the age of ten would know what they were from their names alone!

The art of 'swapping' is the sort of thing that the more mature type of child has been doing for years. The introduction of mere vulgar currency dulls the edge of sensibility. Grown-ups (for the sake of argument, let's call them that), have lost the talent for this sort of thing. The deal with army lorries in Germany,

"THE NEVER-ENDING AUDACITY OF ELECTED PERSONS"

as being for the complementary to

Contrary to the anarchist communist individualism with avary, it is just be so desirable that necessity of a social convinced that only individualism find Without this, the enant and individual the majority.

Yo
Woldingham, Feb.

Does divis help Free

GENTLEMEN,

In your issue assert: "The auth is in direct ratio weakness, the cor among the populat say the potential p ers is a thousand was in small works that these statemen verse of what A teaches.

For example, the enjoy in the areas seems largely attri sions of our diverse No group is strong others. It is only standardized that beginning to asser over them.

Your remark al ignores the fact th this kind of indu precisely the work questions of ethics

tractors in Cuba w the grown-ups muff

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If we want a litt about exchanging K Mr. M. That sh technical developm Mr. K. might give with the opposition

Since we've e Island for parts o simplify the whole NATO tests in Rus in America. After working under ad what we want is in tion. In any case impartial. Fair do

Mr. K. (the sq having trouble. He produce. A boy al many marbles, they Mr. K's storage spa boy found somebod bles. Mr. K. hasn't want's food, he has boy at our schoo cards, a frog and

Santa Clara: R.A. (per O.M.) 1/-; Belfast: J.O.H. 10/-; N. York: L.B. £5/5/-; London: P. & G.T.* 10/-; London: T.K.* 5/-; Surrey: F.B.* 15/-; Wolverhampton: B.L. £2/4/9; Welling: S. 10/- London: G. & P.T.* 5/-; London: J.C. £1/2/-.

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JOHN HEWETSON

Ill-Health, Poverty and the State cloth 2/6 paper 1/-

VOLINE

Nineteen-Seventeen (The Russian Revolution Betrayed) cloth 12/6
The Unknown Revolution (Kronstadt 1921, Ukraine 1918-21) cloth 12/6

HERBERT READ

Poetry and Anarchism cloth 5/-

TONY GIBSON

Youth for Freedom 2/-
Who will do the Dirty Work? 2d.
Food Production & Population 6d.

E. A. GUTKIND

The Expanding Environment (illustrated) boards 8/6

PETER KROPOTKIN

The State: Its Historic Role 1/-
The Wage System 3d.
Revolutionary Government 3d.
Organised Vengeance Called Justice 2d.

Marie-Louise Berneri Memorial Committee publications:

Marie-Louise Berneri, 1918-1949:
A tribute cloth 5/-
Journey Through Utopia cloth 16/- paper 7/6



your Brothers in the South" and "From your Brothers in the North".

Plantation owners had refused a pay increase, pleading a slump in prices.

The copra-purchasing monopoly Unilever has told the owners that they must not rely on their European trade even if Britain does not enter the Common Market.

Since the last war copra growers have been helped by the preference of British housewives for a "foaming" detergent, although this is unnecessary in the product.

Unilever Chairman Mr. G. J. Cole said after a visit last July that "he was not happy about the labour position there . . . it needs a completely new approach, a new line of thought." New Markets would have to be found in China and Japan he said.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND

One item on the agenda at the recent Kennedy and Macmillan talks in Bermuda is reported to have been the 40-year-old dispute over ownership of this largest atoll in the Pacific.

Britain annexed Christmas Island originally in 1888 and in 1919 included it in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony by simply extending the boundaries.

A Reuter's Washington report dated December 19th states that the U.S. State Dept. although it did not make a formal protest in 1919 against the British action has never given up its original claim which dates from 1859.

On reason given for the revival of the dispute now, is that the U.S. is anxious to use the 22 square mile atoll for a new series of nuclear tests. The British Government, says the report, is afraid that it might run into political opposition at home for allowing a foreign government to test "in the atmosphere" from British territory.

Following the Bermuda conference it is hoped that Macmillan will cede Christmas Island (population 419 including 2 Europeans) so that the tests may proceed.

How much is whose work worth?

SO far no-one has suggested publicly that the demands being made by members of Equity, now on strike, are excessively ahead of the actual value of television actors.

Certainly the commercial television companies can afford to pay the £46 4s. 0d. minimum demanded for one nationally networked appearance, but in relation to the weekly wage of most industrial and essential service workers, the actors award for services in the mass forms of entertainment are pretty high.

Without going into the question of good and bad acting, or the lack of quality in the material which they have to use, this strike of TV actors does raise again the question of how work can be justly assessed in terms of monetary value.

In our society it is not the essential social worker who is paid highly

popularly supposed to be incensed by a red rag, as implied in your editorial of January 13th, is clearly shown by Richard Fichter in his letter of February 10th, wherein he so lucidly illustrates that, taking his definition of these terms

over them. Your remark ignores the fact that this kind of industry precisely the worst questions of ethics

Diplomatic Exchanges

WHEN one lived purely for pleasure and sat at the gaming table for hours playing "Happy Families" one drove a hard bargain by exchanging "Mr. Bun" for "Mr. Porter".

It seems now that grown-ups can do it too. Pilot Powers and Student Pryor have been exchanged for Colonel Abel. Why are two Americans regarded as the equivalent of one Russian? Under similar circumstances we'd kick over the table or pull the cloth or change the rules, or something. You notice of course, the poverty of imagination in naming these cards, Pilot Powers, Student Pryor, Colonel Abel, all supposed to be spies. Anyone under the age of ten would know what they were from their names alone!

The art of 'swapping' is the sort of thing that the more mature type of child has been doing for years. The introduction of mere vulgar currency dulls the edge of sensibility. Grown-ups (for the sake of argument, let's call them that), have lost the talent for this sort of thing. The deal with army lorries in Germany,

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The small Brooklyn printing works where poet Walt Whitman wrote is to be pulled down to make room for a block of flats.

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or revered for his contribution to the well-being of the community, it is the pop singer and the bosomy blonde, the bad actor as well as the good.

We do not grudge actors, good or bad, a high standard of living, it's just that we would like to see the standard of other workers brought

into line with the

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Justice in the U.S.?

THE last volume in the second report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights has just been published under the title, *Justice*.

It is an indictment of police brutality both in the South and the North, containing factual accounts of beatings and killings of helpless Negroes and their families.

It is doubtful if the measures recommended by the commission

will have the slightest police who generating of the white

The proposals "To remedy the mission recommended upgrade state and federal law permitting sue local government the officers, who adequate judgments, and federal law specifying brutality and force

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made more sinister by calling it 'individualist' thus becoming identical with the 'deviationism' of Marxist-communist categories.

We may well disagree about the value of supporting or not supporting the Committee of 100, but no-one's ends are served by misrepresentation. I am surprised that Jack Stevenson should weaken his argument by these methods.

As for those comrades who feel the ground being cut from under their feet by the editors' exercising their right to disagree, all I can suggest is that they must be in a very sorry position if they are so foolish to let others lay the foundations for their attitude. FREEDOM's editorial writer has said that he speaks for himself. Why cannot they do likewise?

Yours fraternally,
Bristol, Feb. 5. S. E. PARKER.

For benefit of all

DEAR EDITORS,

That mention of the word "Individualist" does not necessarily incense anarchist communists in the way a bull is popularly supposed to be incensed by a red rag, as implied in your editorial of January 13th, is clearly shown by Richard Fichter in his letter of February 10th, wherein he so lucidly illustrates that, taking his definition of these terms

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as being for the benefit of all, one is complementary to the other.

Contrary to the editorial implication, anarchist communists do not view individualism with aversion. On the contrary, it is just because individuality is so desirable that they insist upon the necessity of a social outlook, being convinced that only in association can individualism find its true expression. Without this, the egoist would be dominant and individualism crushed out of the majority.

Yours sincerely,
Woldingham, Feb. 10. F.B.

Does division help Freedom?

GENTLEMEN,

In your issue of January 20, you assert: "The authority of governments is in direct ratio to the division, the weakness, the competition that exists among the population as a whole." You say the potential power of Ford's workers is a thousand times greater than it was in small workshops. I would reply that these statements appear just the reverse of what American development teaches.

For example, the freedom Americans enjoy in the areas of religion and speech seems largely attributable to the divisions of our diverse cultural constituents. No group is strong enough to rule the others. It is only as Americans become standardized that the government is beginning to assert continuous control over them.

Your remark about Ford's workers ignores the fact that a chief element in this kind of industrial organization is precisely the workers' desire to avoid questions of ethics and economic struc-

tractors in Cuba was child's play, hence, the grown-ups muffed it.

This recent exchange opens up possibilities. We could exchange Mr. K. (the round one) for Mr. K. (the square one). It might not be noticed. They've both the same initial.

If we want a little sharp practice how about exchanging K. (the round one) for Mr. M. That should put back their technical development for a few months. Mr. K. might give lessons how to deal with the opposition (in all parties).

Since we've exchanged Christmas Island for parts of Nevada we might simplify the whole thing by carrying out NATO tests in Russia and Russian Tests in America. After all, it would be working under actual conditions and what we want is international co-operation. In any case the fall-out is quite impartial. Fair do's all round.

Mr. K. (the square one) has been having trouble. He's got too much farm produce. A boy at our school had too many marbles, they wore out his pockets. Mr. K's storage space is overfilled. This boy found somebody who wanted marbles. Mr. K. hasn't found anybody who wants food, he hasn't even looked. The boy at our school got fifty cigarette cards, a frog and a nut-and-take. Mr.

FREEDOM

ture. True, these huge groups of workers appear the logical place to organize co-operative control. But the experience of the American co-operative movement has been that such attempts invariably fail because the workers are interested in more money and goods, not in assuming moral responsibility.

Certainly the old small shops and the feudal system are abhorrent. But they were if anything closer to the anarchist goal because individuals were more aware of the importance of exercising conscience. The life of the average man is less brutal today (if we ignore the fact that it all rests on the security of mass murder threats), but this does not indicate that life is of higher quality. It merely indicates that there is less vitality in people.

The "revolution of rising expectations", now sweeping the world, puts a premium on industrial centralization. It leads the worker more and more to rely on authority for the definition of values. Unless we are to accept the Marxists mystique about the state "withering away", I don't see how this trend is favourable to an increase in individual responsibility, or an end to the evils of government.

Sincerely,
ARTHUR HARVEY.
Raymond, U.S.A. Feb. 8.

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(Leicester Square Tube)
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Freedom in Education: Some Problems

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Throwing them away I mean.

JACK SPRATT.

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The actor, no less than the miner,
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